



War Camp Community Service

SONG SHEET NUMBER ONE

1

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

CHORUS:

2

MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS:

To arms, to arms ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death!

3

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,

Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

4

KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

(Till the Boys Come Home)

They were summoned from the hillside,

They were called in from the glen,

And the Country found them ready

At the stirring call for men.

Let no tears add to their hardships,

As the Soldiers pass along,

And although your heart is breaking,

Make it sing this cheery song:

REFRAIN:

Keep the Home-fires burning,

While your hearts are yearning,

Though your lads are far away,

They dream of Home;

There's a silver lining,

Through the dark cloud shining,

Turn the dark cloud inside out,

Till the boys come Home.

5

SMILES

CHORUS:

There are smiles that make us happy,

There are smiles that make us blue,

There are smiles that steal away the tear-drops

As the sunbeams steal away the dew,

There are smiles that have a tender meaning,

That the eyes of love alone may see,

And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine

Are the smiles that you give to me.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damp;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

CHORUS



GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

CHORUS:

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,

With your hair cut just as short as mine,

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,

You're surely looking fine,

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,

If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must;

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,

With your hair cut just as short as,

Your hair cut just as short as,

Your hair cut just as short as mine.



K-K-K-KATY

CHORUS:

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,

You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;

When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-cow shed,

I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.



MY BELGIAN ROSE

CHORUS

Belgian Rose—my drooping Belgian Rose—

For ev'ry hour of sorrow you've had,

You'll have a year in which to be glad,

You were not born in vain,

For you will bloom again,

And tho' they've taken all your sunshine and dew,

We'll make an American Beauty of you,

And you will find repose—

Over here, My Belgian Rose.

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

At the end of the rainbow there's happiness,
And to find it how often I've tried,
But my life is a race, just a wild goose chase,
And my dreams have all been denied.

Why have I always been a failure,

What can the reason be?

I wonder if the world's to blame,

I wonder if it could be me?

CHORUS:

I'm always chasing rainbows,

Watching clouds drifting by.

My schemes are just like all my dreams,

Ending in the sky.

Some fellows look and find the sunshine,

I always look and find the rain,

Some fellows make a winning some-time,

I never even make a gain,

Believe me, I'm always chasing rainbows,

Waiting to find a little bluebird in vain.



OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from this earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS:

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN
YOUR OLD KIT BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

While you've a lucifer to light your fag.

Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while, so

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag

And smile, smile, smile.



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,

Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,

Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,

The ladies they will all turn out.

CHORUS

And we'll all feel gay,

When Johnny comes marching home.